

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

The following interesting and thrilling
sketch is from a story by Mrs. F. D. Gage,
published in the Ohio Farmer. The au-
thoress introduces us to Mrs. Wilson and
her six children, the oldest not yet nine
years of age. It is Monday morning, and
she is going to her accustomed work for
Mrs. Wade. Her little ones were very sad,
and wished it was always Sunday, for then
father would be away, and would not scold
and whip them, and mother would not be
at work, but would be at home to love them,
and pray and sing, and tell them good
stories. She tried to comfort them by say-
ing:

"If it were always Sunday, I should get
no work, and you would have no bread and
water, even for little Willie. But come,
cheer up, father will not come to-day, I
guess."

And her voice choked with anguish, for
she knew well the why. He had taken the
last quarter from her pocket and gone forth
to his daily haunts; and a quarter, aye, and
that quarter earned by the delicate hands of
his wife, would suffice to brutalize him all
day; and he would not return to abuse the
helpless ones at home.

And the pale mother stooped and kissed
each one of her six precious ones, and,
throwing a faded blanket shawl about her
shoulders, she hurried into the street.

"What makes you cry?" said the sil-
very voice of little Helen Wade, as she
stood by the wash-tub, dipping up the
snowy foam with her dimpled little hands.
"What makes you cry? Is your baby
dead? Mamma cried when our baby was
dead, and they put him in the ground. Is
your baby dead?"

"No, love; but when I come here to
wash your pretty slips, he cries for me, and
then, sometimes, I cry too."

"Have you got any little girls?"

"Yes, three little girls."

"And three little boys?"

"Yes, three little boys."

"Have your little girls got any dolls?"

"No."

"Why don't you buy them some?"

"Helen," said Mrs. Wade, who was
standing near, washing some lace and rich
embroidery in a China-bowl, "Helen, you
talk too much. Mrs. Wilson don't want to
answer you so many questions."

Little Helen watched for a moment the
great crystal drops as they fell into the
suds beneath her new bonnet, and then, as
if half frightened, half grieved, she uttered
a loud cry of distress, and flew weeping to
her mother. "Oh, do not let Mrs. Wilson
cry so!" she exclaimed, as she hid her face
in the folds of her mother's dress. Mrs.
Wade turned, and for the first time dis-
covered that Mrs. Wilson was in distress, and
questioning her in a kindly tone, she drew
from her the oft repeated tale of sorrow and
wrong—of a good, kind husband, tempted
from home and duty—of the passing away
of fortune and of confidence—of the gradual
coming on of poverty—of sickness, suffer-
ing, toil, despair.

"But why," asked Mrs. Wade, "have
you never told me all this before? I never
dreamed of your sorrows."

"Ah, lady," she replied, every heart has
its own sorrows. I have made out to get
along, for what I earned he was still too
noble to take from me, but this morning he
stole from my pocket my last shilling, and
my children will not get their dinner till
my work is done to-day. Do you wonder
that my tears fall. O! it is terrible! Ter-
rible, to be the wife of a drunkard! And
yet," said she, drawing herself up nobly,
and speaking with a proud, firm tone, the
tone and look of other and better days, "he
might yet be sorry. O! he's good, so kind,
so generous, when he can be kept from
temptation! O, Mrs. Wade, if you, and
those like you, who have wealth, education
and influence, would but give your hands to
work and struggle for the Maine Law, how
many thousands of your sisters whose weary
feet are like mine, stumbling their way
through the dark slough of despondency,
would lift their hands and hearts to bless
you for evermore! O! can you not, will
you not try to help us?"

"I will," said Mrs. Wade; and with a
heart too full to trust herself to speak fur-
ther, she left the kitchen, and, after order-
ing a dinner for the washer woman's chil-
dren, she tied on her bonnet, and set forth
on her errand of mercy and love—to get
signers to a petition, to be sent to the Ohio

Legislature, for a law similar to the Maine
Law. On, on, she sped, stimulated, aided
and forced on by the thought: "My hus-
band, so kind, so gentle, so loving and true,
is now being tempted. Already he is
pleading, a little does not hurt anybody;
and who knows but he too may fall. O
God! help me to do this work, to remove
the tempter from his path."

On she passed, pressing her paper; and
her woman's heart leaped with a prayer for
the success of the movement. And when
Mrs. Wade returned home, at four o'clock,
she had one hundred and fifty names upon
her paper. How proudly beat her heart!
True, her muslins were still untouched;
her daily calls unmade; but a new era of
life had dawned upon her; a new spirit
had entered her breast, and nestled there,
warm and quiet, speaking peace.

In the meantime, Mrs. Wilson had fin-
ished her work—received her pay—and
with many little comforts and a lighter
heart, returned to her children.

Her husband had been away all day, and
the little ones were happy and cheerful,
over the receipt of their good dinner, which
no one could account for, only that a boy
came and brought it, and told them it was
for them.

Charles Wade came home that evening,
and offered his wife two hundred dollars, to
get up a New Year's party, saying, "it
will cost that if we have wines, and of
course we must." She made no reply. A
great struggle was going on in her heart
whether as a fashionable lady she should
have a great party, and outshine as she
would her fashionable acquaintances, or
engage at once in the work of love, the
commencement of which had that day given
her so much joy. Her husband broke in
upon the reverie:

"What are you thinking about, Eveleen?
Why don't you answer me? Ain't two hun-
dred enough! If it ain't, by George,
I'll go three! Come, what do you say?"

His words, his tone, his manner, told the
tale; and Eveleen Wade hesitated no longer.
She told him of Mrs. Wilson, of a life
of ease, of affluence, of utter destitu-
tion and woe, and of the resolve so suddenly
awakened in her own heart, to give her aid
to the cause of temperance. "O," said
she, "if I could redeem Frank Wilson, and
save that beautiful woman and her children
from such sorrow and suffering, it would do
more good than ten such parties as we de-
sign giving."

"Frank Wilson," exclaimed Mr. Wade,
springing to his feet with impetuosity,
"where did you say they came from?"

"From Connecticut."

"A lawyer, did you say?"

"Used to be."

"Where was he educated?"

"At Harvard."

"It's him, by George! taint nobody else."

My old college chum. We both graduated
the same day. He went to —, and I
came out West. One year after, he wrote
me that he married the belle of the city,
and an heiress to boot. For six years we
kept up our correspondence, and then he
began to write less frequently, told of losses,
hinted at troubles, and finally ceased writ-
ing altogether, and I lost sight of him.
And Frank Wilson is a drunkard!"

Mr. Wade paused, and covering his eyes
with his hands, as if to shut out a painful
vision—he remained silent for a few mo-
ments, but evidently deeply agitated.

At last he grasped the hand of his wife
convulsively, and said in a deep, solemn
tone, "Eveleen I made that man a drunk-
ard at college; one whole year it took me
to tempt him to sin, to raise the first glass
to his lips, and now he is lost to himself
and to humanity, and his beautiful, noble
wife is our washer woman! O, Eveleen,
Eveleen! I cursed him, and if there is any-
thing left of him I will bless him yet. But
what shall we do? I will go to-night."

"No, not to-night. Mrs. Wilson said
he would not be sober enough to get home
to-night, and would most likely return
sober in the morning. She says she has
been to all the grogeries about them, and
pleaded with them not to let him have liquor.
Some are polite, and tell her blandly it is
their way of making a living, and that they
are not responsible; others curse her for a
meddler—while some push her out of their
filthy dens, and shut the door upon her."

"O!" it is fearful, terrible, that women
and children should thus be made the vic-
tims of man's brutality and beastly appe-
tites; that when she goes to men for relief,
she should be thus abused; and even when
she appeals to the higher authorities, the
law-givers of the land, to abate the cause of
her sorrows, that she must be met with
heartless sneers and cold indifference! Is
it not adding insult to injury to give man
the power of becoming depraved, and then
to spurn us, their victims, as beneath their
care, when we pray for help?

"Now, with your consent, instead of our
New Year's party, we will strive to make
the Wilsons comfortable and perhaps, others;
Next, I will devote my spare time
in getting signers to a petition, and then I
will go to Columbus, and give my mite of
influence in the great cause which is now
so thoroughly moving the hearts of the
people to reform this fearful evil, this cry-
ing sin of the land. What do you say?"

"I say God bless you, Eveleen," and he
folded her to his heart, and, lowering his
voice to a whisper as he pressed his lip to
her cheek, "you may save me, too."

Next morning Charles Wade, with his
lady, sought out his old friend Wilson, and
together they signed the pledge. One
whole family was raised from the deep
degradation and woe a drunken husband
and father is sure to bring upon them;
and another family was saved from plung-
ing into the same ruin.

Eveleen Wade spent the week before
Christmas in a higher duty than preparing,
as she was wont, for the holidays. Her
petition grew larger each day, and loftier
hope entered her soul, and she no longer
folded her hands despairingly by asking,
"What can women do?" but she clasped
them with grateful earnestness and thank-
sgiving, that she had even at this last hour
of life, learned that women could do so
much.

She was astonished to see how the fire,
kindled on the altar of her own spirit, com-
municated itself to others. How ready
they are to burn and glow, to warm and
cheer, now that the match was applied to
the long dry fagots of human sympathy and
human love! How fast she grew! Life
to her had become, in one week, glorious
and beautiful in doing good.

A friend said to her, "What is the use?
We can effect nothing; the Legislature
will spurn, or if they do not, the people
will trample on the law."

"All that may be true for a time," was
the reply. "The law-makers of this year
may spurn; but the next year a new set of
men are to be called. If you and I, and
every woman that feels impressed with the
necessity of abating this terrible evil, speak
out boldly our thoughts—not only speak
them, but show to our neighbors, by exter-
nal effect, that we are sincere, that we are
willing to bear some sacrifice for truth and
right—will they not be affected by us; and
learn to go with us, and when another
battle is to be fought, will not the agitation
and excitement induce the people to come
forth in their strength for or against?"
Thus, though the friends of temperance fail
this year or next, and again and again, still
we shall ultimately triumph; for so sure as
the God of love reigneth, the right must
prevail."

Thus argued, thus plead Eveleen Wade,
the beautiful, fashionable, fascinating Eve-
leen Wade; and mind after mind yielded
to their influence, and gave earnest helping
hands to her labors.

Not only had she abandoned her New
Year's party, but scores who were to have
been her guests entered into her plans, and
they in turn induced others; and when the
Christmas morning was ushered upon the
city by the merry shout and loud rejoicings
of those who knew no want or care, thou-
sands of hearts, that one week before were
coldly throbbing with almost despair, were
beating high with renewed hope and were
enjoying substantial comfort for the day
and time, through the influence of one
fashionable woman who had resolution
enough to live out the promptings of her
better nature.

And were none made happy but the
recipients of these favors? None, do you
ask? Not one who entered into this great
work, but realized in heartfelt satisfaction
that great truth—"It is better to give than
to receive," and doubly more blessed to give
than to waste.

GOING "PERMIKUS."

During the time when Kirby Smith was
supposed to be beleaguering Cincinnati, the
colored population were in a condition of
agitation not second in demonstrativeness
to that prevailing among the white folks.
An incident took place at one of their "war
meetings" which should be recorded. The
able bodied colored men were discussing the
propriety of tendering their services to the
Government as volunteers for the war. The
prevailing impression had been that they
ought to do it, and their patriotic emotions
were at high African temperature. But
before the vote was taken, a tall and very
black fellow produced a sudden revulsion of
feeling by delivering himself as follows:

"I'm in favor of goin', and go in a min-
it if we go permiiskus with white men. I'll
tell you why I'm for goin' permiiskus. If
we go permiiskus we'll have fair play. But
let em git a rig'ment all of niggers, and
dey put 'em in the fore front of battle, and
bofe sides kill every one of 'em. I say so,
sah," rolling his eyes around the audience,
"and I aint gcin' that way, sah, I aint
goin' a step 'less I go permiiskus. No,
sah." And the able and eloquent Ethiop-
ian subsided, and a solemn sensational pause
followed. The eyes of the assembled dar-
keys snapped white and wild at the idea
that to go in any other way than "per-
miiskus" was certain death. And as they
thought the chances of "goin' permiiskus"
were not brilliant, the meeting adjourned
without taking action.

SAVE RAGS, PAPER SCRAPS, &c.—People
should save their rags, scraps of paper,
etc., as they are all of value now, and can
be sold to advantage. If persons through-
out the country were careful in this respect,
the price of printing paper would in a
measure be kept down. Boys can make
their holiday money by attention to this
matter. Old account books, by taking
off the covers, envelopes, &c., can be sold.
This is an important matter.

There are four hundred and eleven
Postmistresses in the United States.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy
is very lengthy, and would fill a volume
equal to an ordinary duodecimo of 300
pages. We can only give a short synopsis
of its contents:

Mr. Welles writes a complete history of
the war, in so far as the navy has partici-
pated in its operations. He describes every
engagement that has taken place, from the
grand fights before Island Ten, Hilton
Head, Memphis, New Orleans, Roanoke
Island, and the contest between the Merri-
mac and Monitor, down to the most simple
reconnaissance of a single gunboat into
creek or inlet. These descriptions are
drawn in the minutest details, such as the
very second by nautical time of opening
fire, the exact period of action, and the mo-
ment at which the rebel ensign came down
and the National Flag went up.

The material portion of the Secretary's
report is his account of the growth and
present strength of the navy, and the effec-
tiveness of it in enforcing the blockade and
keeping the ocean clear of privateers.—
When Mr. Welles assumed charge of the
Navy department in March, 1861, there
were but 42 vessels then in commission,
and most of them abroad. There were
only 7,600 seamen then in the pay of the
Government, and on the 10th of March only
207 in all the ports and receiving ships
on the Atlantic coast, to man our
ships and protect our navy yards and de-
pots, and aid in suppressing the rising
insurrection. At the present time, by pur-
chase and by construction, the government
has afloat, or approaching to completion, a
naval force of 427 vessels, and carrying
3,269 guns. So sudden and so vast a naval
armament has not been witnessed in mod-
ern times. Of the 427 vessels in service,
104 only are sailing vessels, 323 are steam
vessels; and 123 of these latter have been
added by construction. This speaks more
than almost any other fact of the great
energy and prodigious achievements of the
Navy Department. These new vessels of
war are of no mean capacity and calibre, as
the following description of them will show:

PRESENT NAVAL FORCE.

Description.	Number.	Guns.
Old Navy.	74	1,591
Purchased vessels.	159	658
Transferred from the War and Treasury Departments.	50	230
New vessels completed and under construction.	123	659
Total.	427	3,269
Increase since last reported.	163	711

IRON CLAD NAVY.

Description.	Number.	Guns.
Seaboard.	8	56
Armored wooden vessels.	20	42
Western Rivers.	4	9
Armored wooden vessels.	4	9
Armored w'd'n vessels, trans- ferred from War Dep't.	10	122
Armored iron vessels.	12	32
Total.	54	261

NAVY ON WESTERN WATERS.

Description.	Number.	Guns.
Armored vessels.	26	230
Wooden gunboats.	18	79
Transports and ordnance st'ms.	10	2
Rams.	5	24
Armed tugs.	13	13
Total.	72	379

Mr. Welles points to the work of his
immense improvised navy, and claims prac-
tical success in its blockading service—the
most prodigious ever undertaken by any
government. The high price of cotton in
our own and foreign countries, and the ex-
orbitant price in the South of all articles of
foreign manufacture, is conclusive proof of
the efficiency of the blockade. Mr. Welles
thinks all the Southern ports will be in our
possession at an early day, when, he sug-
gests, a part of the blockading squadron
may be spared to chase rebel pirates from
the high seas.

The Secretary speaks with evident dis-
gust of the action of England, in permitting
the rebel privateer, the Alabama, to leave
her ports to harass American commerce,
and suggests that the British government
might justly be called on to make up to
American shippers and shipowners the
losses inflicted on them by the Alabama.

With regard to the future of American
(Southern) commerce, the Secretary sug-
gests that when all the Southern coasts and
ports are safely in our possession, the block-
ade should be dissolved and the ports opened
to general commerce, under such limitations,
conditions and restrictions as would be
clearly within the province of the govern-
ment to impose, and without offense to the
laws of nations. This is an important
suggestion, and probably foreshadows the
Administration policy.

The minor suggestions of the report, as
to dock yards, naval schools, hospitals, etc.,
will be found in the body of the document
itself by all interested in their consideration.
On the whole, the exposition of Secretary
Welles, will generally be regarded as satis-
factory.

A French paper says that at Thou-
rette, in the department of the Ain, the
cure, who is now nearly eighty years of age,
has always insisted, for the last thirty years,
that the parents of every child be baptized
should plant a fruit tree of some kind or
other. The result is that this commune,
which was formerly very unproductive, now
presents the appearance of an immense
orchard.

The New York subscriptions in aid
of the English operatives reaches \$40,000
including \$10,000 from A. T. Stewart.

GENERAL McCLELLAN.

General McClellan has secured for him-
self a place in history. But it will be by
his accidental association with great events,
rather than by any important influence he
has had in producing them. He is a man
of large perceptive and moderate reflective
intellective intellect. He is without genius
or even moderate intuitions. He digs out
his conclusions as laboriously as ore is dug
from mines. He received a thorough mili-
tary education. And whatever could be
accomplished by studiousness and untiring
industry no man could better accomplish
than he. But he sees nothing and knows
nothing till it is reduced to the level of his
practical reason. Especially, he lacked
sense and intuition of human forces. The
wise use of physical matter makes an en-
gineer. McClellan is only an engineer.

But such a man was competent to great
results had right disposition and sagacious
political faith come to his help. But he
was possessed by an imperative caution that
worked sometimes on irresolution and some-
times towards obstinacy, but never towards
daring enterprise.

His anxiety to be fully prepared was
morbid. He was never yet ready. There
was always something yet to be done before
he deemed it wise to venture. He heaped
up preparations. He had never enough
men; never enough arms, or clothing, or
munitions. The whole East drained toward
his camp. And when, more than any gen-
eral that ever commanded on this continent,
he had at his command every resource of
the nation, he was still unready. At
length, when patience was worn out, and the
country clamored for activity, he felt the
possible dangers before him, even more than
all the pressure of the Government and the
country behind him, and demanded more
men and more means, complaining that he
was hampered and thwarted!

A log of wood lying upon the spring
grass is mightier, by its dead pressure
against the hidden roots, than all the laws
of growth! And so a respectable engineer,
but inert general, lay upon the army like a
spell of death, or of motionless enchantment.
The same fate that gave to the army a Mc-
Clellan on the east of the Alleghenies,
raised up a Buell on the west. It is diffi-
cult to say which excelled in practical
stupidity, Buell or McClellan. Whichever
figure one contemplates, it seems impossible
that another should excel him in laborious
uselessness. Both were insatiable in de-
mands, and both wasted immense resources
without any important advantage. If there
is anything yet to be exhibited of military
inefficiency, some new men may be im-
agined, created expressly for it; for every
conceivable part of insatiable demand and
miserly retention of force and means has
been exhausted by the great Oriental *Via
Inertia* and the Occidental *Via Inertia*.

A KNOTTY TEXT.

There was once an itinerant preacher in
"West Tennessee," who, possessing consid-
erable natural eloquence, had gradually
become possessed of the idea that he was
also an extraordinary biblical scholar. Un-
der this delusion, he would frequently at
the close of his sermons, ask any member
of his congregation who might have a
"knotty text" to unravel, to speak it, and
he would explain it at once, however much
it might have troubled "less distinguished
divines." On one occasion, in a large au-
dience, he was particularly pressing for
some one to propound a text, but no one
presuming to do so, he was about to sit
down without an opportunity of showing
"his learning," when a chap "back by the
door" announced that he had a Biblical
matter of great "concern," which he de-
sired to be enlightened upon. The preacher
quite animated, professed his willingness
and ability, and the congregation was in
great excitement. "What I want to know,"
said the outsider, "is, whether Job's tur-
key was a hen or a gobbler?" The "ex-
pounder" looked confused, and the congre-
gation tittered, as the questioner capped the
climax by exclaiming in a loud voice, "I
fetched him down on the first question!"
From that time forward the custom of ask-
ing for "difficult passages" was abandoned.

WHISTLING.

We believe in whistling—we love to do
it and to hear it. The boy or man at the
plow who whistles indicates that he is con-
tented, and he will plow more than your
silent, grum one, who has no music in his
soul or on his lips. The Albany Times is
right when it says: "The man who don't
believe in whistling should go one step
further, and put a muzzle on the bobolink
and mocking bird. Whistling is a great
institution. It oils the wheels of care, and
supplies the place of sunshine. A man
that whistles has a good heart under his
shirt front. Such a man not only works
more willingly than other men, but he
works more constantly. A whistling cob-
bler will earn as much money again as a
cord digester. Mean and avaricious men
never whistle. The man who attacks whis-
tling throws a stone at the head of hilarity,
and would, if he could, rob June of its
meadow larks. Such a man should be
looked to."

"Husband, if an honest man is
God's noblest work, what is an honest
woman?" "His rarest, dear."

WASTE OF CITIES.

Paris throws five millions a year into the
sea. And this without metaphor. How,
and in what manner? day and night. With
what thought? without thinking of it.
With what object? without any object.
For what return? for nothing. By means
of what organ? by means of its intestines.
What is its intestines? its sewer.

Five millions is the most moderate of the
approximate figures which the estimates of
special science give.

Science, after long experiment, now
knows that the most fertilizing and the
most effective of manures is that of man.
The Chinese, we must say to our shame,
knew it before us. No Chinese peasant,
Ekeberg tells us, goes to the city, without
carrying back, at the two ends of his ham-
boo, two buckets full of what we call filth.
Thanks to human fertilization, the earth in
China is still as young as in the days of
Abraham. Chinese wheat yields a hun-
dred and twenty fold. There is no grano
comparable in fertility with the detritus of
a capital. A great city is the most power-
ful of stercoaries. To employ the city to
enrich the plain would be a sure success.
If our gold is filth, on the other hand our
filth is gold.

What is done with this filth, gold? It
is swept into the abyss.

We fit our convoys of ships, at great
expense, to gather up at the South pole the
droppings of penguins and seals, and the
incalculable element of wealth which we
have under our own hand, we send to the
sea. All the human and animal manure
which the world looses, restored to the
land instead of being thrown into the sea,
would suffice to enrich the world.

These heaps of garbage at the corners of
stone blocks, these tumbrils of mire jolting
through the streets at night, these horrid
scavengers' carts, these fetid streams of
subterranean slime which the pavement
hides from you, do you know what all this
is? It is the flowering meadow, it is the
green grass, marjoram and thyme and sage,
it is game, it is cattle, it is the satisfied
hay, it is golden corn, it is bread on your
table, it is warm blood in your veins, it is
health, it is joy, it is life. Thus wills that
mysterious creation which is transforming
and transfiguring in heaven.

Put that into the great crucible; your
abundance shall spring from it. The nu-
trition of the plains makes the nourishment
of men.

You have the power to throw away this
wealth, and to think me ridiculous into the
bargain. That will cap the climax of your
ignorance.

Statistics show that France, alone, makes
a liquidation of a hundred millions every
year into the Atlantic from the mouths of
her rivers. Mark this: with that hundred
millions you might pay a quarter of the
expenses of the government. The clever-
ness of man is such that he prefers to
throw this hundred millions into the gutter.
It is the very substance of the people which
is carried away here, drop by drop, there in
floods, by the wretched vomiting of our
sewers into the rivers, and the gigantic col-
lection of our rivers into the ocean. Each
hiccough of our rivers costs us a thousand
francs. From this two results; the land
impoverished and the water infected. Hun-
ger rising from the furrow, and disease
rising from the river.

It is notorious for instance, that at this
hour the Thames is poisoning London.—
Victor Hugo.

MAKING A NEEDLE.

Needles are made of steel wire. The
wire first cut by shears from coils, into the
length of the needle to be made. After a
batch of such bits of wire have been cut
off, they are placed in a hot furnace,
and then taken out and rolled backward and
forward till they are straight. They are
now to be ground. The needle-pointers then
takes up two dozen or so of the wires and
rolls them between his thumb and fingers,
with their ends on the grindstone, first one
end and then the other. Next is a machine
which flattens and gutters the heads of ten
thousand needles in an hour. Next comes
the punching of the eyes, by a boy, so fast
that the eye can hardly keep pace with him.
The splitting follows, which is running a
fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these
twine needles. A woman, with a little an-
vil before her, files between the heads and
separates them.

They are now complete needles, but they
are rough and rusty, and easily bent. The
hardening comes next. They are heated in
batches in a furnace, and when red hot
thrown into a pan of cold water. Next
they must be tempered, and this is done by
rolling them backward and forward on a
hot metal plate. The polishing still re-
mains to be done. On a very coarse cloth
needles are spread to the number of forty
or fifty thousand. Every dust is strewn
over them, all is sprinkled and soft soap
daubed over; the cloth is rolled hard up,
and with several others of the same kind is
thrown into a sort of wash-pot to roll to
and fro twelve hours or more. They come
out dirty enough, but, after a rinsing in
clean hot water, and tossing in sawdust,
they become bright, and are ready to be
sorted and put up for sale.

Jack Frost is as fond of pinching
the boys as though he were a school girl.